

The Six "I's" of Success

Roger W. Babson, Whose Expert Advice Big Business Values at \$1,500,000 a Year, Tells How You Can "Make Good." This Page To-Morrow.

Is a Blonde

Dangerous
Fickle
Deceitful

Not
Beautiful
Says
Professor
Starr

But Others Insist They Rule
Impressionable Men By "Exciting
the Eye," While Defenders Claim
Brunettes the Real "Vamps."

By Ruth Snyder.

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"BEAUTY in a blond race is next to impossible. It is more difficult for a blonde to measure up to beauty standards than it is for a brunette."

There seems to be a general campaign against blondes. This latest opprobrious remark against the much belittled blonde comes from the darling lips of Prof. Frederick Starr, an internationally noted anthropologist. Daring! Don't you think so? He dared to utter this bitter denunciation before the co-eds of the University of Chicago.

A symposium of views given to the press within the past few months would tend to place favors on the brunette side of the scales, weighing it down considerably. But nevertheless there is hope for the blondes—even in the scathing tirade against them, hope may be found.

"I prefer the brunette type," declared Mme. Ballat Calie, a vivacious Frenchwoman who recently visited this country. "It has so much more expression, animation, intelligence—in the majority of cases, I mean. There is a sparkle in dark eyes, a flush in olive cheeks, a vitality and warmth about the dark beauty which rarely characterize the blonde. The brunette too is usually much more loyal than the blonde. The latter needs to be nothing else except blond in order to please. She is cold and selfish and conceited. She permits men to adore her, whereas the brunette knows how to love. She would make a man much more happy, yet he follows the lure of the blonde as a moth follows the candle flame."

What is it that makes the men follow the "lure of the blonde," as Mme. Ballat intimates? There must be some attraction there.

"Blond women undoubtedly attract men quicker than brunettes, but it is not because of their hair," submits Dr. Orin W. Joslin. "It is because of the rest of the features that go with it. Blue eyes, for instance, are treacherous to men. And blue eyes and blond hair go together. We have found in our study of colors" (Dr. Joslin specializes in the study of colors) "that blue is sedative and tends to put a person to sleep."

Dr. Elizabeth Hamilton Muncie, woman physician of Brooklyn, also admitted the fact that men preferred the blondes.

"Blondes excite the eyes. They're wearing on them," she declared. "Yet I don't know what it is, but it is a recognized fact in the medical profession that women with light, fluffy hair appeal to men more than the other kind."

So far, everybody seems to favor the brunette. But hold on!

"I resent just tremendously the universal idea that a doll-like face, blue eyes and light hair betoken a lack of brains," raged Dr. Margaret M. Demure, flaxen-haired actress. "They don't. Nothing of the kind. Men seem to expect nothing but pretty smiles and silly remarks from blondes. They are annoyed if a light-haired girl shows brains and common sense."

There you are, blondes! One point in your favor from a champion who has proved that blondes have brains. "All brunettes are vamps. That's all Mrs. Hannah H. Feldman said, but it is there in black and white to give an extra point to the blonde side. Mrs. Feldman made this remark in a motion picture for the Municipal Court of Justice, which she is now prosecuting her husband, Charles E. Feldman."

But there are always crepe hangers. Here comes Municipal Court Justice Morris of the First District Municipal Court of the Bronx with the statement: "Blondes are fickle. There will be no blondes on this jury." We will take his remark with a grain of salt, however, because it was later discovered that his WIFE is a blonde and his children are blond.

Supreme Court Justice Giegarich adds this:

"The source of all trouble in the home is a blonde. Historically, the blond affinity cuts a big figure as the woman in the case and to-day. In the great majority of undefended cases that come before me I invariably learn that some blond lady has won a husband's affections."

To which Isabel Irving took exception.

"The trouble is that the moment a woman qualifies as a trouble maker she becomes a blonde, if she hasn't undergone that peroxide baptism already. Born blondes are the most disreputable of their kind. Sometimes blondness is merely the sign of a nature and conceals a glowing heart."

You are gaining, blondes, but wait until you hear what Albert Edward Wiggan says in a recent article entitled: "Shall I Marry a Blonde or Brunette?" He makes it clear, however, that his conception of a blonde is the pure blonde as descended from the Nordic race living in Northern Europe.

"Blondes are three or four times as bad drunkards as brunettes."

"All angels are blondes."

Perhaps those two statements could not be coupled, but—

"It states further that blondes revel in accepting, but admit."

"The blondes rule America."

"The blondes invented democracy as they invented chivalry and gave her modern high position to women."

"Brunettes are much bigger liars than blondes."

Now make up your debit and credit and see where you stand. I hate to do it.

The Autumn Vegetables

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COOKED CELERY.
Cut celery in dice, boil until tender, drain and serve in a white sauce. Some cooks prefer to cook celery in longins and serve it like asparagus, with a cream sauce. The outer stalks of the celery will do nicely for cooking, but to avoid a bitter flavor the water in which they are boiled should be changed several times. For a luncheon dish serve the celery on buttered toast and place a poached egg on top of each slice. Scalloped celery is delicious. Cook sliced celery until tender, an hour or longer, drain and put into buttered baking dish. For two cups of celery use one-fourth cup melted butter, stir in one-fourth cup flour, pepper and salt to taste, one cup and a half of milk and a cup or less, as may be desired, of grated cheese. Pour this mixture over the celery. Cover with bread crumbs and brown in oven.

CORN FRITTERS.
Beat two eggs and stir in salt and pepper to taste, three tablespoons of flour, one-half cup milk and two cups corn pulp grated from the ear. Mix thoroughly and drop into hot fat by spoonfuls. Fry until nicely browned.

SWEET POTATO SOUFFLE.
Peel and cut potatoes into slices one-half inch thick, fry in very hot oil, but do not let them brown nor become stiff. When tender drain and let stand about ten minutes. Reheat in a hot oven, then put in the potatoes. They will immediately puff out and become a delicate brown. Drain very dry and serve at once.

In the N. Y. Shops

By Emilie Hoffman

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JUST when we thought blouses were going to end at or just below the accepted waist line along comes the long blouse again that in some instances leaves only a few inches of skirt visible. These blouses or tunics, which seems the more appropriate term for them, are in good demand and it is the general belief that they will soon be universal favorites. They are being shown in a variety of materials such as Georgette, Canton crepe, crepe de Chine, crepe back satin and lace. The long tunics usually are open at the sides to the waistline. A section placed while the waist part is exquisitely hand-drawn. Another in crepe de Chine is embroidered its full length in steel beads.

Since the new ribbed weave cloths, which are heavy, are so much used in suits and separate skirts the tendency seems toward heavier blouses fabrics to wear with these, so we see handsome blouses made up of crepe

back satin. Canton crepe and the velvet broadcloth. The Georgette and lace blouse especially in the tunic lengths are more appropriate for lighter fabrics and are especially

These skirts are usually made up of one of the heavier crepes and sometimes have panels in Georgette.

The separate skirt has met with such favor that the demand has widened and the skirts of crepe and silk are receiving a ready acceptance. These skirts can be worn with a blouse of the same color and texture and the result will be quite as attractive as the long-popular one-piece dress. In fact the possibilities of this combination are so great that the one-piece dress will probably be supplanted by the skirt and blouse. The advantages of the separate skirt are so apparent that manufacturers are now making these skirts even for formal wear. They are made up of the heavier silks such as charmeuse, Roshanara crepe and so on and usually have sashes with fringed ends. These skirts are easily matched up with charming blouses that produce a dressy costume.

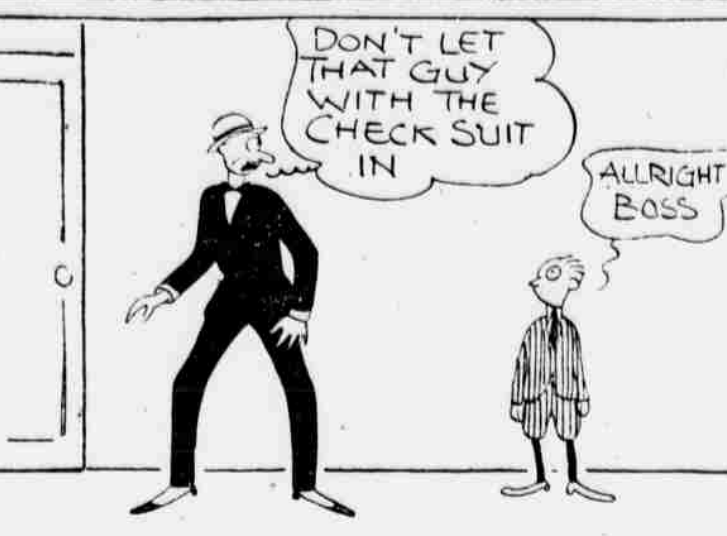
The sleeves are the most startling feature of the newest blouses. Those in contrasting color and fabric have been accepted, and charming effects are seen. Full sleeves in cream color with a plaid design in embroidery and bits of red leather scattered over the surface are seen in a dress of navy blue. A black crepe back satin blouse has sleeves of scarlet Georgette. A navy Canton crepe with sleeves in green Georgette is a striking development. The fashionable fuchsia tones are effectively displayed in a crepe de Chine gown in purple with sleeves of the palest orchid crepe chiffon.

With Christmas parties so near at hand mothers are interested in afternoon party dresses. There was a time when the little white dress was all sufficient for any party, but now everything is in color. A fashion writer recently referred to the French children as "bright balls of color." And the appearance here is the same at any gathering of little tots modishly attired. The new dresses are in yellow, green, both in jade and emerald, bright blue and the reds which are brilliant, such as cherry and flame. Children's skirts are very short and they seem to be in two extremes, either quite full or in close, flat effect. A pleasing development in the plain front and back with accordion pleated insets at the waistline at both sides.

ANSWERS.
1—Maine; 2—Sour; 3—Brazil; 4—Romania; 5—Nauru; 6—British Honduras; 7—Caribbean; 8—Buffalo; 9—bumble bee; 10—Massachusetts.

Can You Beat It!

By Maurice Ketten



11 3 21

The Heart of a Girl

By Caroline Crawford

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FACING THE FUTURE.

"SO you've decided to go with old Richardson in the bank?" said Billy as they skirted the corner and he lighted his pipe.

Peggy always felt comfortable and at ease when she and Billy started off on a walk, and he flared up the old pipe.

Her father declared it was most rude for a young man to smoke in a "lady's presence," but Peggy knew the modern boy and the modern age.

While she had not acquired the cigarette habit herself, most of her girl chums had, and it was merely a matter of dislike for tobacco rather than of primness which kept her from them.

"It was the only thing to do, old firebug," pointed out Peggy. "He isn't the sort of employer I wanted at all. I wanted a young, dignified, strictly business man, but I couldn't get him, and I decided that after all salary was what I was after."

"You wanted an employer you could vamp," laughed Billy.

"I wanted one I could respect," replied Peggy, as she removed her chin from the back of Billy's head and looked at him with the one long pleasant quirk which adorned it. Then puffing out her soft brown hair with that quick gesture boded blue require, she turned her clear blue eyes upon him and said: "Now tell me what you've been doing to-day."

"It's a short story," began Billy. "I took the first place which was recommended to me and was fortunate enough to land it. There were about fifty ahead of me, but I got it, so that's that. I'm in a broker's office on Wall Street. Sounds big but the salary is small."

"It may be a great opening," encouraged Peggy.

Then they figured it out that they were located just three blocks away from each other.

"That means that we can have luncheon together and take a little stroll, not spirit, at the noon hour," volunteered Billy. "I can't tell you

how glad I am about this for I had some bad news to tell you.

"You see this position is not exactly the sort of thing I want all my life. Besides I haven't a very good education, not the sort a fellow needs to-day. Therefore I am planning to take a night course at college. It's going to take every night in the week and I was wondering how in the deuce I could get around to see you."

"Now that we can see each other at noon it won't matter at all," cried Peggy, jumping at the opportunity she was really looking for, a chance to see Billy and yet have her evenings to find out what type of man Townley was.

"Yes, and perhaps we can get home in that rush hour together," continued the all-innocent Billy. "I don't like to see a girl hanging to a strap and being pushed about. It won't be a bad thing to hang on to my arm, will it, Peg?"

"Billy, you're a dear."

"I'm a lucky guy," he corrected. "And you won't object to having me study this winter and going about by yourself?"

"Absolutely no, if you are gaining," declared Peggy, feeling just a wee bit vain.

"You see I have to go just as my weekends on Long Island just as I did all last winter," sorrowfully continued Billy. "The folks want me to spend Saturday night and Sunday at the farm."

"It doesn't matter at all, Billy. We'll see each other at least once every weekday and we'll be just as happy as we have been for the last two years," consoled Peggy, as she gave him a merry tug that whirled Billy around for the home-ward direction with a new spirit.

While he was thinking what a trick she was Peggy was trying to justify herself that she really was unselfish and wanted Billy to study.

She dashed into her home in gray spirits, her hair blown by the winds her eyes sparkling, and found that Townley was dining with her folks.

To-morrow—Townley Shows Himself in a New Light.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"WONDER," remarked Mr. Jarr musingly, as he stood looking out into the street from the front room, "why women always bring a cushion or a pillow to rest their arms on when they take up their position at the listening post, or look-out, of their front room windows?"

"Oh, you wonder at that, do you?" asked Mrs. Jarr querulously, for when her sex was spoken of alightingly she was a true feminist and came staunchly to their defense. "Well, I'll tell you why: The poor creatures are so tired from being on their feet all day, cooking, cleaning and straightening up after their untidy and inconsiderate husbands and children, that when they get a moment to rest and look out of a window to see what is going on, they do need a cushion for their tired arms!"

"I didn't know they looked out to rest, I thought it was just curiosity," faltered Mr. Jarr.

"Well, it is a curiosity, too," said Mrs. Jarr. "But it's the right kind of curiosity, worth curiosity. Women are curious to see if a peddler is coming by with potatoes that she may get them a little cheaper than the store charge. Her curiosity in this case is to save money. Then she keeps a watchful eye that her children playing on the pavement do not run over by trucks and automobiles, and she also watches for her husband's coming home, that she may have a supper ready and not for him this sort of curiosity is called love and affection."

"But wait a minute, wait a minute," interrupted Mr. Jarr. "You often ask me why I don't start in conversation and why I often sit around silent and don't say anything. Please note that when I start something, I start something. That is, I mention anything casually, it usually results in to make you fire up at me. Maybe that's why I don't say anything much. Now I just happened to mention it."

"You talk enough when you are out with your friends," interrupted Mrs. Jarr. "You are not even taciturn when you meet with strangers. By your own admission, you are a chatterbox."

"You have such a general, pleasant spoken husband!" It must be nice to have him around, how such good company! And yet when you are home I can't get a word out of you, as you admit yourself, except as just now, when you sneer at me taking a cushion to rest my arms

on and hang out the window all day long!"

"Now, you know you are mistaken, my dear," said Mr. Jarr mildly. "I do not mention you taking a cushion and hanging out the front window. And as for me talking pleasantly when I am out, I also notice that you do not mention my taking a great deal and do not know where he lives. Could I invite him just by word?"

"Anxious?"

"Have some of your girl friends tell him that you are to give a party at a certain date and invite him for you."

"That is I do not take up too short. But I do look out of the window once in a while, because otherwise I wouldn't get a chance to see a soul—stuck in this house all day as I am."

"But why not discuss these matters calmly?" asked Mr. Jarr. "It was just because Tom Terwilliger was always being picky upon for a little thing by his wife that was the cause of his leaving her."

"It was not the cause, the only little thing that provoked him about was that little thing of a blonde grass widow she caught him with!" Mrs. Jarr interrupted him to say.

"And how did you catch him?" she asked. "Why, by looking out from her window one evening when Tom Terwilliger thought she was away from home, and he happened to be driving through his own street in a taxicab with the creature! So there!"

And Mrs. Jarr took a cushion and went to the window, it being a mild day.

Why Not Look Your Best?

By Doris Doscher

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Dear Miss Doscher: I have been greatly troubled lately with pimples and small blackheads on the back of my neck. I did not have them all summer, but was very much troubled with them last winter. As my face is clear and free from all eruptions I do not know what to do for this condition.

T. K.

The fact that you were not troubled with pimples and blackheads during the summer and they are now appearing may be due to the fact that you are not as careful as you should be in cleansing the back of the neck after having worn a fur neck piece. A fur piece absorbs a certain amount of dust and this pressing against the sensitive

pores of the skin will sometimes cause these unsightly pimples. Of course good digestion and perfect circulation are the first essentials in removing them but with a brisk rub with the dead brush applied with a mild soap both night and morning will penetrate into the pores and remove the dust embedded therein.

Should the skin feel sensitive after this treatment a good cold cream or skin food may be massaged in with great benefit, followed by the brisk rub, the treatment for which is given in the towel back stretch exercise. The presence of pimples and blackheads on the back of the neck shows that it is necessary for you to include this portion of the body when you apply the nightly massage, working from as far back on the shoulder blades as you can conveniently reach upward to the back of the head.

What Is Your Figure?

Specially Posed Photographs and Articles by Margery Wells, Fashion Authority, Will Show You What to Wear. Beginning Next Monday.

Welcome, Delegates!

Washington Prinks Up For Disarmament Diplomats

Visiting Tourists Will Be Greeted With Heavy Salvo of Flashlight Powder

By Neal R. O'Hara.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—Disarmament Conference. In honor of visiting delegates beer is made legal in United States, Alaska and highly insulated possessions. Washington is on dress parade. Government employees are at parade rest. Union Station is frescoed with flags. Congress is wearing best celluloid collars and White House has been scrubbed whiter than a flag of truce.

Everything's in readiness for disarmament parley. Delegates will be welcomed with salvos of flashlight powder. Sob sisters will camp on celebrities' ears. Movie eggs will arrange 'em in scrimmage formation and pose 'em in ensemble like

Courtship and Marriage

By Betty Vincent

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"DEAR MISS VINCENT: I have a brother whom mother and I wish to see married and settled down. In my office there is a girl who would make an excellent wife for him. I have mentioned this to her and on three different occasions tried to have her meet him, but she doesn't seem to like him. But she is a college man whom I do not like. What would you advise me to say to her?" MARY Z.

It doesn't pay to be matchmaker unless you believe that both people would be happy. If at any time your friend evinces a dislike for her college man, that would be the time to introduce your brother to her, but that you can't force things like this.

"Dear Miss Vincent: I am going to have a party for the mildly. I don't mention you taking a cushion and hanging out the front window. And as for me talking pleasantly when I am out, I also notice that you do not mention my taking a great deal and do not know where he lives. Could I invite him just by word?"

Anxious?

Have some of your girl friends tell him that you are to give a party at a certain date and invite him for you."

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Fourth instalment of income tax will come due before boys clean up their work. Sight of Treasury leaking with \$10 notes will prove that taxpayers are solidly behind Government the same as they are behind in the rent. Taxpayer is a guy that is sorry he has only one income to give his country. And about the middle of December, delegates will get hep to fact that America is first in war and first in peace, but it won't be first in disarmament. Not while Washington is the seat of the Government and the taxpayer is the pants pocket.

If friendly nations of the earth keep building cruisers for naval gymnastics, America can launch more battleships than ancient Venice has gondolas. Not only that, but we can raise land forces faster than Barnum can raise his tents. We may have sparse populations at our army posts, but we've got a standing army of 40,000,000 on our street car systems every day. All delegates are invited to look us over and then sign for disarmament on the dotted line.

Washington prinks up for disarmament diplomats. Visiting tourists will be greeted with heavy salvo of flashlight powder.

Government employees are at parade rest. Union Station is frescoed with flags. Congress is wearing best celluloid collars and White House has been scrubbed whiter than a flag of truce.

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Jap acrobats. After twenty-five minutes in land of the free, delegates will beg for permanent peace. British delegation will consist of Lloyd George and chorus of 200 tenor voices. France will have tourist party of 150, exclusive of stenographers, jitney drivers and valets. Japan can only spare 250 diplomats for transpacific junket and South America is sending up a posse of something like 500 sight-seers. All in all, it looks like seats for Disarmament Conference should be a good bet for the ticket scalpers.

Entertainment committee has planned rabid action to keep delegates awake. First course on side-show itinerary consists of visit to Income Tax Bureau to prove that war is hell. The boys will be given income tax blanks as souvenirs of visit to psychopathic ward.

Banquet will be served on evening of first day under auspices of local branch of B. Y. O. L. B. Y. O. L. is country's largest fraternal order. Lodge regalia consists of white apron and spigot, and grip contains anything from two fingers to eight quarts. The boys will like this novel feature.

Menu for Disarmament Dinner leads off with oysters on the half shell. Shells will be furnished by Dupont Powder Works as token of courtesy to visiting dets. Next dish on international programme is puffed wheat shot from 16-inch guns. Platinum mess kits will then be distributed to keep up illusion that war is still on. Canned beef will next be served in dainty manner of army chef. After ration has been dished out, delegates will scoop up army coffee and permanent peace will be assured.